

# The Mirror

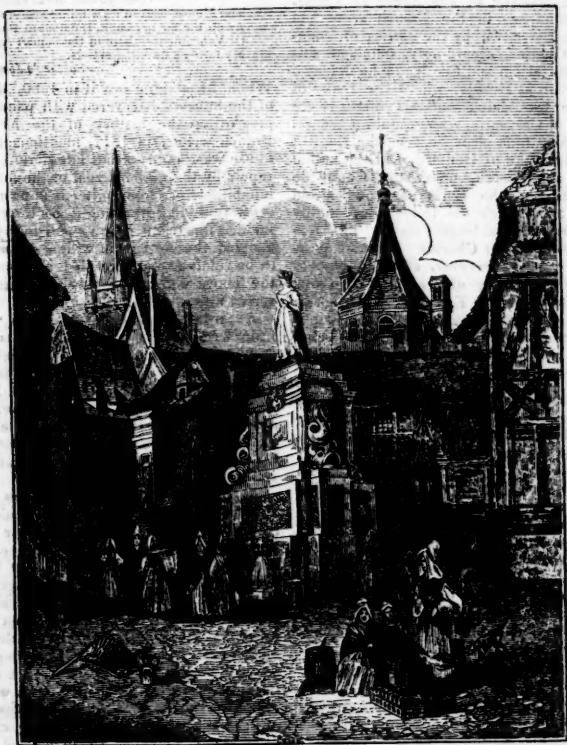
OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 873.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]

## JOAN OF ARC.



MONUMENT OF JOAN OF ARC, AT ROUEN.

Few of the episodal attractions of the middle ages have become more popular than the history of Joan of Arc,—“as mysterious as it is remarkable.” In it the heroic and the supernatural are so finely interwoven with the sympathies and best feelings of our nature, that not to linger over the incidents of the and tale would bespeak a mind insensible to those stirring glories which light up every page of the records of human life.

The period at which the heroine Joan sprang forth upon her meteoric career, is one of eventful interest. Henry V., the

darling of English history, having completed his inglorious conquest of France, did not live to wear her crown; he expired at Vincennes, in August, 1422; and the helpless Charles VI. survived him scarcely two months. France was then openly divided between rival monarchs. The infant Henry VI. was proclaimed in Paris, and all the northern parts of the kingdom obeyed his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, as regent; whilst the countries south of the Loire acknowledged Charles VII., the late dauphin, a youth of affable manners, amiable, but

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naturally weak in character. Various were the fortunes of the conflicting parties from this period until the appearance of the heroine whose history we are about to present to the reader. The youthful Charles gave such intervals as he could seize from the pressure of his foes, to the pursuit of gallantry and that love of pleasure which was the characteristic of the house of Valois. But, confidence in the French army had been broken down by the glories of Azincourt; Charles, accordingly, obtained soldiers from Milan and Scotland: he defeated the English at Beaujé, where the Duke of Clarence was slain; but his forces were worsted at Crevant. At Verneuil, a general engagement took place between the English under the Duke of Bedford, and the united French and Scotch, under the Count de Narbonne and the Earls of Douglas and Buchan; in which the latter were totally routed, and several leaders slain. This was a dreadful blow for Charles. Ill-timed quarrels and crosses, however, checked the progress of the Duke of Bedford, who was obliged to return to England; and Charles VII., in his retreat beyond the Loire, enjoyed a couple of years' respite from the attacks of his formidable adversaries.

"The English at length resolved to strike a blow that should decidedly crush the hopes of Charles. They laid siege to Orleans, the principal town and support of his party, its chief and last stronghold. Charles now felt that the struggle was for his crown. His bravest captains flung themselves into the place, and every exertion was made for a vigorous and successful resistance. The enterprise undertaken by the English was arduous. Orleans, washed by a broad and rapid river, could not, but with great difficulty, be invested. The Earl of Salisbury first endeavoured to carry it by assault, but was slain by a stone from an engine. Lord Suffolk, who succeeded him, undertook the hopeless task of a blockade; but as the town was always free to ingress and egress, at least of warriors, this operation was rather a campaign than a siege. The bastard of Orleans, La Hire, and Saintrailles, were the heroes of the French. As the war ceased to be civil and grew national, heroism and military talent sprang up. By the acknowledgment of their own historian, the French learned skill and discipline from their enemies. The three French leaders, with John Stuart, constable of the Scotch, attacked an English convoy under Sir John Fastolfe: they were routed; and the Scotch, with their leader, were slain to a man. It being time of Lent, the convoy was of herrings, and the action is known by this name. The English still retained their superiority, and Orleans was not likely long to hold out, when a personage, entrusted, according to popular belief, with a celestial

mission, came to pluck courage from the hitherto stout hearts of the besiegers, and give it, with all the enchanting force of superstition to the French."\*

This was JOAN OF ARC, commonly called *The Maid of Orleans*. She was born in the village of Domremi, near Vaucouleur, on the borders of Lorraine, in the year 1412:

Where yonder forest skirts  
The Mense, that in its winding nearer shows,  
As on the farther bank, the distant towers  
Of Vaucouleur—there in the hamlet Arc  
My father's dwelling stands.

*Southey's Joan of Arc.*

When Montaigne saw it in 1580, the front of the house was covered with paintings representing the history of the Maid. A French writer, in 1817, mentions that the house was, even to that late period, kept in repair by the national zeal of the mayor and inhabitants of Domremi. It appears, however, that whatever might be their respect for this illustrious heroine and martyr, they allowed the cottage in which she was born to be villainously desecrated very soon after the above date; the dwelling being converted into a stable.

According to De Serres, Joan "issued from base parents; her father was named James of Arc, and her mother Isabel, poor country folks, who had brought her up to keep their cattell." She quitted her parents at an early age, and became servant at a small inn, where she acquired a robust and hardy frame, by acting as hostler, attending to the horses, and riding them to water.

At the above period, prophecies floated about the country, that a virgin could alone rid France of her enemies. Similar predictions respecting children and shepherds had prevailed during the crusades, but had not proved fortunate. At an early age, these prophecies had fixed the attention of Joan. According to one account, when about thirteen years of age, at twelve o'clock one summer day, being in her father's garden, she suddenly beheld, on the right side of the village church, a dazzling light, while an unknown voice echoed in her ear wise counsels; telling her to frequent the church; to be always good and virtuous; and to rely upon the protection of Heaven. She was much frightened at this; but did not hesitate in believing it was sent from Heaven; and, in order to testify her gratitude, she voluntarily undertook to consecrate herself to the Lord.

Holinshed tells us that Joan was then "a young wench of an eighteen years old; of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglike made and manlike, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie

\* Hist. France, by E. E. Crowe. (Cabinet Cyclopædia.)

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and behaviour, the name of Jesus in his mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the weeks."

De Serres relates that Joan said with great boldness that she had a revelation how to succour the king, how he might be able to chase the English from Orleans, and after that to cause the king to be crowned at Rheims, and to put him fully and wholly in possession of his realm. "After she had delivered this to her father, mother, and their neighbours, she presumed to go to the lord of Baudricourt, provost of Vaucouleur; she boldly delivered unto him, after an extraordinary manner, all these great mysteries, as much wished for of all men as not hoped for: especially coming from the mouth of a poor country maide, whom they might with more reason believe to be possessed of some melancholy humour, than divinely inspired; being the instrument of so many excellent remedies, in so desperat a season, after the vaine striving of so great and famous personages. At the first he mocked and reproved her, but having heard her with more patience, and judging by her temperate discourse and modest countenance that she spoke not idly, in the end he resolves to present her to the king for his discharge. So she arrives at Chinon the sixth day of May, attired like a man. She had a modest countenance, sweet, civil, and resolute; her discourse was temperate, reasonable and retired, her actions cold, showing great chastity. Having spoken to the king, or noblemen with whom she was to negotiate, she presently retired to her lodging with an old woman that guided her, without vanity, affectation, babbling or courtly lightness. These are the manners which the Original attributes to her." Edward Grimeston, the translator of De Serres, calls her in the margin, "Joan the Virgin, or rather Witch."

Charles himself was in that crisis when men grasp at straws: he still dreaded the ridicule of being credulous, and the danger of meddling with sorcery; when a priest reassured him. The simple, modest, and pious conduct of Joan herself gained upon the monarch, and even upon his warriors. She was provided with armour: her sword bore the impressions of five crosses; it was found behind the great altar of the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, where it was discovered from the instructions given by Joan herself. The ecclesiastics whom she had requested to search for this weapon, also furnished a scabbard covered with crimson velvet, and powdered with golden fleurs-de-lis. Joan, however, would only carry the sword in a plain leathern scabbard; she carried a standard as frequently as circumstances would permit, and on being asked the reason for so doing, she answered, "it was because she would not carry the sword to shed blood." Joan was likewise provided with attendants and troops;

and in this train entered Orleans. The besieged were elated beyond measure; and the English, whom her fame had already reached, were proportionally dejected: at first, they regarded the whole affair with derision; but they gradually gave way to the superstitious notions of the age, and became daunted with the idea of divine vengeance hanging over them.

"Joan soon sallied forth against the English entrenchments. Already, since the rumour of her presence, they had abandoned the offensive, and even allowed a convoy of provisions to enter the town between their posts. The inactivity of superstitious terror was attributed to Joan's magic influence, and became morally infectious. Suffolk was driven from each of his bastilles, or wooden towers, successively. A fort held by Sir William Gladesdale made the most stubborn resistance. In vain, for a day's space, did the flower of the French continually renew the assault; Joan herself led them, when she was transfixed by an arrow; she fell, and a woman's weakness for an instant showed itself:—she wept; but this paroxysm of sensibility was akin to that of devotion. Her visions came, her protector St. Michael appeared; and, if we are to believe the testimony of the French knights, she got up and fought till the gallant Gladesdale was slain and his fort taken. The English immediately raised the siege. Joan, having accomplished so considerable a portion of her promises, would not allow the enemy to be pursued.

"The gratitude of Charles was proportionate to the benefits he had received. He no longer doubted the divine mission of his preserver. A fresh victory gained over the English at Patay, in which Fastolfe showed a want of courage, and the gallant Talbot was made prisoner, greatly increased the confidence of Charles. Joan proposed to conduct him to be crowned at Rheims. It was distant; many strong towns, that of Troyes for example, intervened, all garrisoned by hostile troops. Still Joan prevailed and kept her word. Troyes surrendered, and Rheims also, where the coronation of Charles VII. fulfilled the mission of the Maid of Orleans. Paris itself was next attacked; but this was too hardy an enterprise. Joan was wounded in an assault upon the gate and boulevard St. Honoré, and the French were obliged to retreat. The exploits of Joan were drawing to a term; she was herself aware, and hinted, that much longer time was not allowed her. She was taken by the English as she headed a *sortie* from Compeigne. Her capture was considered tantamount to a victory: it was one, however, replete with dishonour to the English. They bound and used every cruelty towards the hapless maid of Orleans; raised accusations of sorcery against her, whose only crime was man's first duty, to make a reli-

gion of patriotism. With all the meanness and cruelty of inquisitors, they laid snares for her weakness, and employed every effort to shake her confidence in her own purity and virtue. She yielded a moment under their menaces and false promises, through exhaustion and hunger, but she always rallied back to courage, avowed her holy mission, and defied her foes. She was burnt in the old marketplace of Rouen 'a blessed martyr' in her country's cause.

"Among the memorials of the defeat of the English preserved in France, was a statue erected to Joan d'Arc in Orleans, and a rich banner taken from the Earl of Warwick at the siege of Montargis, which the inhabitants of the latter town were accustomed to bear in procession every year. At the commencement of the Revolution, however, as Anquetil informs us, it was considered unworthy to celebrate triumphs over England, 'the classic land of liberty'; Warwick's flag was burnt at Montargis, and the men of Orleans threw down the statue of the Pucelle. In six months after (adds he) the two nations were at war."<sup>\*</sup>

Such are the outlines of the history of Joan of Arc, as generally delivered; but many romantic circumstances are, probably, overcharged. It has been even doubted whether she was ever put to death; some plausible evidence having been brought forward to prove that she was saved by a trick on the day of execution, and that she afterwards appeared, and was married to a gentleman of Amboise, a story far more improbable than the statements it is intended to supersede.

The family of Joan was ennobled by Charles; "but," observes Mr. Southey, "it should not be forgotten in the history of this monarch, that in the hour of misfortune he abandoned to her fate the woman who had saved his kingdom."

It may be interesting to subjoin Mr. Southey's view of Joan's character and history, which he prefixed to the first edition of his noble epic poem, published in the year 1795.

"The history of Joan of Arc is as mysterious as it is remarkable. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and it is difficult to believe that she was herself imposed upon by Charles and Dunois. That she discovered the king when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catherine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the Maid must have known herself an impostor, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at

<sup>\*</sup> Crowe's History of France, *ut ante*.

once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight among the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The Maid then was not knowingly an impostor; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her singling out the king, nor prophetically claiming the sword. After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion."

Another of our most accomplished contemporary historians characterizes the story of Joan of Arc as "one of the most marvellous revolutions in history. A country girl overthrew the power of England. We cannot pretend to explain the surprising story of the Maid of Orleans; for, however easy it may be to suppose that a heated and enthusiastic imagination produced her own visions, it is a much easier problem to account for the credit they obtained, and for the success that attended her. Nor will this be solved by the hypothesis of a concerted stratagem; which, if we do not judge altogether from events, must appear liable to so many chances of failure, that it could not have suggested itself to any rational person. However, it is certain that the appearance of Joan of Arc turned the tide of war, which, from that moment, flowed without interruption in Charles's favour. A superstitious awe enfeebled the sinews of the English.\* They hung back in their own country, or deserted from the army, through fear of the incantations, by which alone they conceived so extraordinary a person to succeed.† As men always make sure of Provi-

\* The war had been so popular in England, that it was easy to pick the best and stoutest recruits, and their high pay allured men of respectable condition to the service. We find in Rymer a contract of the Earl of Salisbury to supply a body of troops, receiving a shilling a day for every man at arms, and sixpence for each archer. This is, perhaps, equal to fifteen times the sum at our present value of money. They were bound, indeed, to furnish their own equipments and horses. The contract above mentioned was for 600 men at arms, including 6 bannerets and 34 bachelors; and for 1,700 archers. The pay was, for the earl, 6s. 8d. a day; for a banneret, 4s.; for a bachelor, 2s.; for every other man at arms, 1s.; and for each archer, 6d. Artillery-men were paid higher than men at arms.

† Rymer, t. x. p. 458-472. This, however, is conjecture; for the cause of their desertion is not mentioned in those proclamations, though Rymer has printed it in their title. But the Duke of Bedford

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dence for an ally, whatever untoward fortune appeared to result from preternatural causes was at once inscribed to infernal enemies; and such bigotry may be pleaded as an excuse, though a very miserable one, for the detestable murder of this heroine."\*

The story of Joan of Arc has been the subject of various poems, too numerous to specify here. It has also been frequently set upon the stage; and, at this moment, the heroic career of the Maid of Orleans is enacting in spectacle and opera at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres: the performance at Covent Garden is the best production of the kind that has been produced for many years, the part of Joan being most efficiently filled, and the scenic effects being extremely successful. The operatic piece at Drury Lane is, however, comparatively an ineffective performance, in which sound greatly predominates over sense.

Memorials of Joan of Arc are to this hour cherished in France. On the eighth of May, the anniversary of its deliverance, an annual fête is held at Orleans; and, besides the monument erected here, is one to the memory of the Maid, at Rouen, as shown in our Engraving. It consists of a statue, placed upon a lofty pedestal, at the base of which is a fountain.

The previous Engraving has been copied, (by permission of the publishers,) from the vignette to the first volume of a new edition of Mr. Southey's Poetical Works, commencing with Joan of Arc. In the Preface, Mr. Southey rejoices that his Poetical Works have obtained a reputation equal to his wishes, which has been gained without the author "ever accommodating himself to the taste or fashion of the times." This edition has the advantage of the author's revision, with occasional additions in text and note. The publishers have seconded these exertions for completeness in all the perfection of paper, printing, and engraving—in style worthy of transmitting to posterity the genius of a Laureate of England in the nineteenth century.

#### JANUARY.

On "January's front severe," no lingering trace of more genial seasons can be discovered: the bare branches, with the hoarfrost scattered on them like ashes, the unsullied whiteness of the drifted snow, the icicles on the wall, the frosty air, the benumbing blast—all tell that winter's reign is in its zenith, that the sun has entered Capricorn, and not a breath of balm "has leave to stir." So bereft of all beauty is nature's face, so joyless the scene, that it would appear as if nothing could restore to

speaks of the turn of success as astonishing, and due only to the superstitious fear which the English had conceived of a female magician.

\* Hallam's Hist. Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 110.

us the sunny hours, the soft dews, the winds Favonion of seasons past; so foreign seems "fantastic summer's heat." But fixed and unshaken as a rock of adamant, are the revolutions of nature, since that hour when the Almighty Ruler declared, that while the earth should remain, "seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, should not cease;" when the smoke of Noah's sacrifice ascended from the green earth, all fresh and renewed from the deluge of waters. He who made this promise is "without variableness, or shadow of turning," and

"Soon will the orient with new lustre burn.

And spring once more her vital influence shed,

Again attune the grove—again adorn the mead!"

But, a new year has dawned upon us, fraught with coming events, some "casting their shadows before," and others, altogether hidden, and out of the reach of conjecture. The farther we advance down the vale of time, the less do we speculate on the future. In the buoyant days of early youth, how much is expected from one short year; how much of hope fulfilled, of realized dreams, do we then demand from its revolving seasons! a year is to fulfill all our wishes, to put an end to all suspense—a year is an age to pilgrims but lately set out on life's journey. But, as we leave behind us the green slopes and flowery vales, wet with morning dew, and advance along the crowded high-way—the hard and dusty path of middle life—hope and expectation less frequently present themselves; we find them lingering reluctantly at our side, whereas once they preceded us. The syren Hope no more points to vistas of coming joys; each year her pictures become less vivid, her visions less glowing; "Disappointment smiles at her career," and old Experience checks her progress, and her light waxes fainter and fainter. Then, as we descend the valley, and the low murmur of the billows of eternity's wide ocean breaks on our ears, again we look round us for the light which cheered us in past days,—and Hope again appears, but with meek and chastened air, pointing upwards to regions where her best aspirations will have their full fruition. How finite are our powers! how short-sighted are we busy dwellers on this "dim spot called earth;" truly we know not what a day, an hour, a minute may bring forth: the past, in shadowy and fast fading outlines, and the present moment, are all of which we have any knowledge. Our plans and speculations are continually dispersed and rendered futile, by that Omniscient Being, who designs thereby to hush all our presumptuous inquiries, and make us rely more entirely on his Providence. But, as each year slowly uncloses its page in the volume of our lives, how prone are we to listen to the busy whisper which would inquire—what

have the jocund spring, the rosy summer, and the pale declining autumn, in reserve for me? And thus we watch the signs of the dim future, impenetrable though it be, and forget, that to improve the present moment will alone prepare us for an entrance into that state, where our mental vision will be enlarged to perceive what mortal eye hath not seen, nor mortal ears heard, nor what our present limited span of thought can conceive or imagine; where time and space will not circumscribe the boundless flight of mind, but we shall be, even as those "ministering ones," who speed with the fleetness of light from their place near the throne, to comfort and defend the humblest pilgrim on this low earth. It is wise to suppress a too anxious yearning after what shall befall us in our passage through the wilderness of time, the peace-destroying custom of "forecasting the fashion of uncertain evils;" for our Divine Teacher has told us, that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

ANNE R—.

### Spirit of Discovery.

#### LIFE-SHIPS.

(From the New York Mirror.)

THE lamentable loss of the Home, with the immense destruction of human life attending it, should call public attention strongly to our present mode of ship-building. In the case of steam-boats particularly, which are beginning to be so much used in the coasting trade, as we arrogate the praise of building the fleetest in the world, we should try and wipe off the reproach of constructing the froilest that navigate the seas. It will surprise many of our countrymen to be told, that while we regard the efforts of our ingenuity in this branch of the arts with so much complacency, England is still in advance of us in many important particulars. Comfort and safety are the first objects with her artisans in studying how to improve upon the modes of travelling whether by water or by land; and speed, though of course consulted, is only held as secondary when human life is concerned. With us speed is not only the first consideration, but, to the almost total disregard of life and comfort, it seems the only one. The English steam-boats which cross their boisterous channel, perform their voyages in safety; and others of the same species of craft encounter the seas and blasts of the bay of Biscay unharmed by peril; while upon the Irish waters they have several steam-boats in which British skill has guarded against every accident of fire and water by means so simple, that it is amazing they have not before occurred to our countrymen. The plan of dividing the vessel's hull into sections, each of which should be completely water-tight, has, we

are told, been long practised by the Chinese in their trade-barges, the several water-tight compartments being under lock and key, and appropriated to separate shippers; and this mode of giving security has been successfully introduced into European naval architecture by Mr. Williams, the engineer of the Dublin steam-boat company. He divides the vessel into five compartments by means of four bulkheads of iron; timber being objectionable from the impossibility of making it water-tight, as the planks would shrink from the heat of the vessel. The centre section of this division is occupied by the engine-boiler and coal-bunkers, thus detaching them entirely from all other parts of the vessel. The sections, numbers two and four, form the fore and after holds, or, in case of passengers' vessels, the fore and after cabins; and the two remaining sections, at the bow and stern, need not be as high as the main deck, as the water never could rise within several feet of the same. Here then, we have an effectual remedy against the casualties attending on a vessel coming into collision with another. It may safely be said, that, unless the water break into the vessel in all its sections at the same time (and which may be considered impossible), there can be no danger of submersion; and experience has proved, that a very small addition of buoyancy would prevent a vessel from sinking, after it had been so immersed that the deck was on a level with the surface of the sea. The expense of these iron bulk-heads does not, according to Mr. Williams's report, exceed fourteen hundred dollars, and their efficiency has been fully tested in a public experiment. Mr. Williams took a vessel, built under his superintendence, of the following dimensions: bow and stern sections, each sixteen feet long; the two next, thirty-five feet long each; and the centre, or engine section, fifty-eight feet, making the whole one hundred and sixty feet. He caused the bottom of this vessel to be bored, and let the water flow freely into section first, at the bow end. When so filled that the water remained at the same level outside and inside the section, it depressed the vessel six inches at the bow, raising the stern about two inches. Having the water pumped out, he then had the next bow section filled, (number two.) This depressed the bow twelve inches, without perceptibly raising the stern end. The vessel was then in a situation of one in which collision had taken place; and her buoyancy, in case of striking on a rock, or encountering another steam-boat when in full speed, was thus satisfactorily ascertained. But the protection which these iron bulkheads afford against fire, is equally important. The circumstance of any part of the vessel taking fire is followed by the same evil as in that of the irruption of water or collision, namely, its irresistible transmission at once through

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all parts of the vessel. The late dreadful instance of this calamity upon the Mississippi is fresh in the memory of our readers. Retreating to that part of the deck most distant from the fire until the steam-boat could be run ashore, was in this instance an unavailing resource to the passengers. Now the circumstance of these bulkheads being airtight, as they necessarily are, is a matter of the greatest importance in preventing the spread of flame, as they effectually prevent the introduction of any draft or current of air, so much to be dreaded in such cases, where the materials are so combustible. Again, in extinguishing the fire in the section in which it originated, the crew would be enabled to work in comparative security. The fire being prevented spreading laterally, can only make progress upwards toward the deck, and will be considerably retarded, if not altogether checked, by the absence of all currents of air from either end of the vessel. Indeed, it is questionable whether the mere closing down of the hatches over the section, would not at once extinguish it. When by such simple means a steam-boat can be guarded alike against the calamities of water and fire, we trust that the melancholy story of the Home and the dreadful fate of the Ben Sherrod, will have their influence upon future construction; nor do we see why Mr. Williams's improvement should not be adopted in every packet that crosses the Atlantic.

### Spirit of the Annuals.

#### CLUBS,

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs! Clubs! part'em! part'em! Clubs! Clubs!"  
*Ancient Cries of London.*

Of all the modern schemes of Man,  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair!  
My female friends they all agree  
They hardly know their husbands;  
And heart and voice unite with me,  
"We hate the name of Clubs!"

One selfish course the Wretches keep;  
They come at morning chimes,  
To snatch a few short hours of sleep—  
Rise—breakfast—read the Times—  
Then take their hats, and post away,  
Like Clerks or City scrubs,  
And no one sees them all the day,  
They live, eat, drink, at Clubs!

On what they say, and what they do,  
They close the Club-House gates;  
But one may guess a speech or two,  
Though shut from their debates:  
"The Cook's a *hasher*—nothing more—  
The Children noisy grubs—  
A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore!"  
Yes,—that's the style at Clubs!

With Ruddle, Doctor K. or Glasse,  
And such Domestic Books,  
They once put up—but now, alas!  
It's hey! for foreign cooks!

"When will you dine at home, my Dove?"  
I say to Mister Stubbs,—  
"When Cook can make an omelette, love,—  
An omelette like the Club's!"

Time was, their hearts were only placed  
On snug domestic schemes,  
The book for two—united taste,—  
And such connubial dreams,—  
Friends dropping in at close of day,  
To singles, doubles, rubs,—  
A little music—then the tray—  
And not a word of Clubs!

But former comforts they condemn;  
French kickshaws they discuss,  
They take their wine, the wine takes them,  
And then they favour us:—  
From some offence they can't digest,  
As cross as bears with cubs,  
Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—  
That's how they come from clubs!

It's very fine to say "Subscribe  
To Andrews"—can't you read?"  
When Wives, the poor neglected tribe,  
Complain how they proceed!  
They'd better recommend at once  
Philosophy and tubs,—

A Woman need not be a dunce  
To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Piets,  
Would seek us now and then—  
They're pretty pattern-Benedicts  
To guide our single men!

Indeed my daughters both declare  
"Their Beaux shall not be subs.  
To White's, or Black's, or anywhere,—  
They've seen enough of Clubs!"

They say, "without the marriage ties,  
They can devote their hours  
To catechize, or botanize—  
Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—  
Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,  
Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,  
Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—  
As Wives do since the Clubs!"

Alas! for those departed days  
Of social wedded life,  
When married folks had married ways,  
And lived liked Man and Wife!  
Oh! Wedlock then was pick'd by none—  
As safe a lock as Chubb's!  
But couples, that should be as one,  
Are now the Two of Clubs!

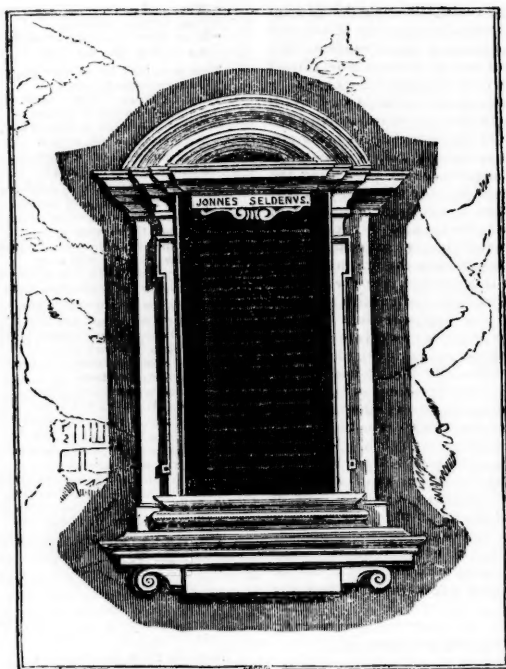
Of all the modern schemes of man  
That time has brought to bear,  
A plague upon the wicked plan  
That parts the wedded pair!  
My female friends they all allow  
They meet with slight, and snubs,  
And say, "they have no husbands now,—  
They're married to their Clubs!"

—Hood's Comic Annual.

### Popular Antiquities.

#### TOMB OF SELDEN.

In one of our early volumes (viii.) will be found a picturesque engraving of the house wherein was born the distinguished scholar and politician, John Selden, "the Glory of England." As this illustration may be characterized as the Alpha of Selden's life, so the present Engraving may be termed its Omega. He died, Nov. 30, 1654, in White Friars; and, by a special request made in his last hours, he was interred in the Temple church, where the monument on the ensuing page was erected to his memory. His funeral



(Tomb of Selden, in the Temple Church.)

sermon was preached by Archbishop Usher, the celebrated historian.

Selden lived in parlous times, and his scholarly excellence did not allow him to pass unhurt through the political storms of his period: he would meddle with politics, the *hot iron* of society—and

“What troubles do environ  
The man who meddles with hot iron.”

He first made history and antiquity his studies; his performances in which procured him the esteem of the brightest lights of his time—as Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and Drayton. In 1614, appeared his largest English work on Titles of Honour, “the best book Selden ever writ.” He was 34 years old before he entered the field of politics: his first work, the *History of Tythes*, drew upon him the displeasure of his sovereign, and, in three years, his high knowledge of legal antiquities cost him a six months’ imprisonment. During a suspension of political action, Selden published his *Mare Clausum*, to establish, historically, the British right of dominion over the circumjacent seas.

As a scholar, Selden must be deemed one of the most learned men of his day; but possibly a portion of this learning may not have been expended on the most useful subjects. His Latin and English works fill six folio volumes; but he is popularly known by his *Table Talk*, published after his death by his amanuensis, a book, probably, better known than any other of its class. Selden died rich and left his valuable library and museum to his executors, who honourably gave it up to the Bodleian Library, for which he had intended it, until offended by a refusal to lend him a book without security. He was the patron of scholars, and employed all his influence for the protection of learning; for, he who had written a folio upon “Titles of Honour” did homage to the Nobility of Genius. Peace say we to his soul.

Dr. Wilkins, who has written the *Life of Selden*, in Latin, observes that he was a man of uncommon gravity and greatness of soul, averse to flattery, *liberal to scholars*, charitable to the poor; and, though he had great latitude in his principles with regard to ecclesiastical power, yet he had a sincere regard

for the church thus ably

“Selden can flatter equal to his stupendous languages and translations have thousand hour but manly, that he was bred in he was the best faculty present man that

RAMBL

[THIS is in illust romance teristic chapter project Quixote head,” descript Toledo

He w with the steps o with m vantes l lage in where try gen rusty la ride fo course vantes in the whic the villi bourhous ride fr the me Marcius the ros he qui mills in piche, lage i and th are no helps, spot th tells u

for the church of England. Clarendon has thus ably drawn his portraiture :—

"Selden was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning, in all kinds and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent and transcendent writings) that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts. In his conversation he was the most clear discourses, and had the best faculty in making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, of any man that hath been known."

### New Books.

#### RAMBLER IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DON QUIXOTE.

*By the late H. D. Inglis, Esq.*

[THIS is a clever and entertaining volume in illustration of "the most delightful of romances," and exhibiting the most characteristic features of Spanish life. The opening chapter informing "the reader how the project of treading in the footsteps of Don Quixote first entered into the author's head," is an admirable piece of graphic description; showing how the author left Toledo for]

#### *La Mancha.*

He who may hereafter visit La Mancha, with the intention of travelling in the footsteps of Don Quixote, may probably say with me, it is a thousand pities that Cervantes has not told us the name of the village in "a certain corner of La Mancha," where "there lately lived one of those country gentlemen who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse to course with a starved greyhound." Cervantes has not, however, left us altogether in the dark, as to the corner of La Mancha in which this gentleman lived. El Toboso, the village of his Dulcinea, lay in its neighbourhood; and in the course of one day's ride from his own house, the knight met the merchants on the road from Toledo to Murcia, and the Biscayan and the Lady on the road to Seville; and the same day that he quitted home, he encountered the windmills in the neighbourhood of Puerto Lapiche. The locality of Don Quixote's village is therefore sufficiently pointed out; and the villages in this part of La Mancha are not so thickly sown, but that, with these helps, we may even hit upon the precise spot that Cervantes had in his eye, when he tells us that "one morning before sunrise,

unseen by anybody, in the scorching month of July, he buckled on his armour, mounted Rozinante, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied into the field." This village could be no other than Miguel Estevan, situated a league and a half, or two leagues from El Toboso; within a day's ride of Puerto Lapiche; and half a day's journey from the road between Toledo and Seville.

The muleteer who had accompanied me from Toledo, knew little of La Mancha, and less of the route of Don Quixote: not that any Spaniard is entirely ignorant of Cervantes, and his work; but he was not qualified to lead me in the knight's footsteps; and having, soon after mid-day, reached the outposts of the Sierra, from one of the last of which my guide showed me at a distance the church of Miguel Estevan, and the only road that led to it, I counted into his hand the number of *duros* agreed on; and he, having made them fast in his girdle, turned his mule's head in the direction of Toledo,—driving the other before him,—and with the usual salutation, pricked his beast forward, leaving me to pursue my way to Miguel Estevan.

It was towards the close of the day when, emerging from a small olive plantation which lay rather in a hollow, I saw within a quarter of a league, the little village of Miguel Estevan; and in another quarter of an hour, I entered the straggling street that composes the greater part of it. Here, thought I, as I looked on every side, and saw hanging over a door the likeness of Mambrino's helmet, here perhaps lived the barber; and there, within a few doors of him, might dwell the licentiate; and perceiving, a little apart from the other houses, one that might have suited a country gentleman, his housekeeper and his niece, that house, I resolved in my own mind, must have been the habitation of no other than the *hidalgo* himself! So like reality, indeed, are the pictures presented to us by Cervantes, that we scarcely regard them in the light of fiction, even when we contemplate them at our firesides at home; and when actually travelling in the country of Don Quixote, and surrounded by such portraits of Spanish life and manners, and scenery, as are interwoven in the relation of his exploits, we cannot help giving a real existence to persons, and places, and adventures, instead of being contented with the belief that the fancy only of Cervantes selected real spots, as the scenes of his fiction: and this belief in the reality of the adventures of Don Quixote, is partaken also by the inhabitants of La Mancha, as will presently appear.

There was no Posada in the village; and as night was approaching, it seemed probable that I might be obliged not only to follow in the footsteps of Don Quixote, but to imitate

his example, by spending the night "under a tuft of trees;" and this, without the advantage possessed by him, who could sweetly employ the solemn hours "in musing upon his Dulcinea." But happening to cast my eye towards the bright barber's basin which I had already passed, and having a high opinion of the courtesy of barbers in all nations, I resolved to enter his shop, in the persuasion that he might assist me in my difficulty; and besides, like the courtier, who is said by Sterne to have been unable to distinguish between Yorick, the king of Denmark's jester, and Yorick who lived a century later, I confess I could not divest myself of the idea that this barber was in reality Master Nicholas, or if not absolutely that renowned personage, that he was at all events his direct descendant, and the inheritor of his shrewdness and oddities.

Business seemed to be slack with the barber this afternoon. Clothed in a pair of tight, black, leathern breeches, a long and ample brown cloak, and a small black cap fitting close to the head, he sat on the stone step of his door, looking up the street, and down the street, if perchance an unshaven peasant might approach; and as he saw me make directly towards the spot where he exercised his vocation, he retreated within the doorway; and when I reached it, the chair was set, the tin basin in one hand, ready to fit into the neck of the customer, and in the other, that weapon which a Spanish barber knows better than the barber of any other country, how to wield.

The character of La Mancha may be thus briefly given: wide, uninclosed, and sometimes swelling plains; covered with scanty crops of grain, interspersed with saffron fields. Often the eye ranges over extensive reaches of sand, bearing no crop. Olive trees, sometimes planted in line, sometimes scattered, form the only shade from the scorching sun, that before the summer had far advanced, drinks up the scanty waters of every rivulet, and turns the herbage from green to brown. The river Guadiana, indeed, traverses La Mancha, and always flows a respectable river; but all its tributaries are small; and in summer, carry no tribute at all.

Our provisions were not very tempting; the barber had been the purveyor, and had suited his own taste rather than mine. They consisted of several thick pancakes, interlarded with slices of bacon; and of cheese, bread, and wine. These are the provisions usually carried by every muleteer in Spain, with the addition sometimes of salted fish; but the pancake being well-seasoned with garlic, and the cheese made of sheep's milk, neither of them was very enticing.

As for the wine of La Mancha, in which

Sancho Panza found a solace for many of his hardships, its goodness depends altogether upon the skin in which it is carried; for unless the skin be old and well-seasoned, the best *val de penas* acquires an unpleasant flavour. But it is impossible that the wine of La Mancha should be carried otherwise than in skins; the roads are only fitted for mules, and skins can be more easily and more safely carried across mules than casks; but indeed casks are out of the question in a country in which there is scarcely any wood. It is no contemptible art, that of drinking out of a wine-skin without spilling the wine, and drenching the bosom; the wine-skin is held horizontally, one hand supporting its rotundity, and, by the pressure of the fingers, the wine is thrown forward to the neck, or narrow part of the skin. When, in the translations of Don Quixote, we meet with the word *bottle*, we must of course substitute skin, otherwise the sentence will sometimes be unintelligible; as for example, when, after the adventure with the windmills, we find Sancho visiting his *bottle*, and discovering that it was much more *lank* than it was the night before.

(To be continued.)

#### MR. CURTIS'S OBSERVATIONS ON HEALTH.

[We return to this clever little work for the sake of a striking extract upon a subject of permanent importance, and peculiar interest at the present holiday season.]

#### Choice of a Profession.

Parents and friends too often forget, that in determining the future pursuits of the young under their care, it is not enough that a profession be respectable or lucrative, or that it be one in which the youth may be expected to succeed by means of family influence; in addition to these circumstances, they ought to take into account the talents, the disposition, the natural bent of the mind of the individual immediately concerned; for if this most important item be omitted in their calculations, the probability is, that if he have any individuality of character, they will seriously obstruct his happiness while endeavouring to the utmost of their power to promote it.

What can exceed the wretchedness of the man compelled by such mistaken kindness to engage in a profession requiring the constant exercise of faculties which he possesses in a very limited degree? He passes scarcely a day without having the conviction of his unfitness for the performance of his duties forced painfully upon his mind;—and what deep humiliation must there be in that conviction! what constant anxiety and apprehension of the discovery of his incompetency—and what despair and misery should the discovery be made!

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The injury thus inflicted upon the mind and health is incalculable; and often is the consequence premature death—suicide even. It is therefore obviously the duty of parents and guardians, previously to fixing the destination of the young, to ascertain, as far as is possible, their fitness for the intended employment. And this is by no means so arduous a task as might at first sight be supposed. A few observations may assist in the performance of it.

First, then, every vocation requires for its successful exercise certain physical qualifications—qualifications that may be comparatively unimportant to members of other professions, but essential to those of each particular profession. It might have been supposed that this truth, at least, would not be neglected—inasmuch as no abstruse analysis or patient observation is needed to ascertain in any given case whether the requisite physical qualifications are possessed in the necessary measure. And yet we frequently see men whom nature intended for tailors at the anvil, and blacksmiths on the shop-board; persons of active frame and sanguine temperament confined at a sedentary employment; and those whose bodies and minds are formed for quiet, tranquil labours, sent forth to encounter the terrors of the ocean. And often, indeed, in that most fitting place for the exercise of the noblest eloquence, the pulpit, do we find men who, by their defective, unharmonious utterance, would deprive of all their force the soul-stirring outpourings of a Demosthenes or of a Cicero.

The mental qualifications of an individual may generally be accurately determined by parents and teachers. A little observation will certainly reveal the leading tendencies of his mind; and it will be found that these tendencies indicate his predominant talents or faculties; and hence they ought, as a general rule, to be taken as guides in the choice of a profession. Seldom, however, are they sought for, or, even if they openly manifest themselves, attended to: the considerations that determine an individual's sphere of action are of every kind except the right; and it is not always that the mistakes by this means made, end so happily for the subjects of them as in the following case. The anecdote was current at the hospital at Haslar many years ago.

A gentleman having a son, whom his mother had cherished the hope of seeing arrive at distinction in the navy, in compliance with her desire, sent him to sea as a midshipman under the care of a relative. Shortly afterwards an engagement took place, and the boy, who was very young, was much terrified, and during the action hid himself in the ship's copper, where he was discovered by the men, who reported him to the officer on duty; and as soon as the ship returned home, the admiral dis-

missed him and sent him to his father; who, instead of reproving him, observed, that he had displayed a good deal of cunning, and though unfit for a sailor, would most likely make an admirable lawyer!

The important influence which the choice of a profession exerts over their future condition should make parents especially careful to place their offspring in situations for which their temperament and aptitude fit them. Not only will the happiness of individuals, but the good of the community, be thereby promoted; for if men's attention is devoted to subjects for which they have a natural aptitude, there is a much greater probability of arriving at a profound knowledge of them. And the same result is obtained in a still higher degree when men pay exclusive attention to a single congenial department of science or art.

• Vide Foster's Essay on Decision of Character.

## Manners and Customs.

### NOTES ON THE MEDICAL ART AMONG THE CHINESE.

By the Rev. C. Gutzlaff.

UNAIDED by foreign discoveries, the Chinese have themselves established a medical system, which, according to tradition, is as ancient as the monarchy itself. They have drawn the whole science from the experience of the ancients. To Shin-nung (the divine husbandman) is the honour ascribed of having laid the foundation of this useful art. Having introduced the cultivation of corn amongst this people, he thought that heaven bestowing among mankind plants for nourishing the body, had also created herbs to remedy diseases. He therefore examined their qualities, and communicated the result of his researches to the people. From the longevity of his contemporaries it has been justly inferred, that the remedies invented by him must have been very excellent. The system established by his practice has therefore been generally adopted. A Chinese physician knows now exactly what drugs should restore a patient, after having carefully ascertained the disease; if, however, he dies, it is owing to accident, and by no means to his physicians want of skill. If, on the contrary, the physician follows a method of his own, and the sick person dies under his hand, he is amenable to the law.

Chinese doctors excel in the knowledge of the pulse, and are able to ascertain with considerable accuracy the state of the patient; they are well versed in the use of simples, but are ignorant of anatomy, helpless as surgeons, and in time of sudden danger next to useless. If any patient who has met with an accident die under their hands they are responsible to government and may

be punished for manslaughter. Hence their timidity of entering upon any difficult case, where all depends upon prompt exertion, or where life is nearly extinct.

In China, physicians are by no means a privileged class, nor have they to pass an examination. Every one who has read a certain number of medical books may practise, and the government takes no notice of him, unless he kills people against the established rule. Doctors are often unsuccessful literary candidates or poor scholars, who must do something to earn their livelihood; on this account large numbers of them are to be found in every city, and even the smallest village has a practitioner. Their fees are very small, and the profession by no means in high repute. There are, however, some men, who by success have established a reputation, and who have acquired honours and riches by their practice; but, compared with the multitudes of quacks and mountebanks, they are exceedingly few.

Government, however, encourages the study of medicine in the capital, where a medical board is purposely established, to watch over the health of the reigning family. In large cities are also to be found dispensaries, where the poor receive gratuitous medical aid from doctors in the pay of government.

In many inveterate diseases the doctors refuse to wait upon the patients, because the disorder is declared by the rules of practice, incurable. Whenever a sick person cannot eat rice, the physician gives up his case as hopeless. The Chinese have therefore a common saying, that most people die because they will not eat rice, a caprice which costs them their life.

Since simples are either given in a decoction or in a bolus, it frequently happens that a poor patient, unable to swallow the medicine, is suffocated. Sudden fainting, paleness and tremor, are to be relieved by pouring the blood of an animal, when still warm, down the throat of the sufferer; under such circumstances instant death is by no means unfrequent. But such accidents create little sensation, because it is dying according to the system established by the ancients.

The Chinese possess one great advantage over Europeans. They can take the most nauseous drugs with stoical indifference, and have generally a very strong constitution; even when afflicted with the most painful malady, they still move about, and are able to support the most excruciating pains. Detesting the sight of blood, phlebotomy is almost unknown amongst them and the terror inspired by bleeding renders the remedy much more dangerous than the distemper which it has to remove. A careful study of their medicine might possibly lead to some valuable discoveries, but the

Chinese works treating upon the science are so numerous, and the advantage derived from their perusal so trifling, as to discourage the foreign reader.

If prompt measures be adopted with persons who have hanged themselves, there is some hope of bringing them to life again. After they have been carefully cut down, they are stretched out on the ground; one man places his feet upon the arms, and twists the hair round his hand, whilst another puts his hand upon the breast and rubs it, and a third bends the arms. As soon as the patient revives, give him decoction of cinnamon and rice-water. If there still exists a difficulty in swallowing, let a man blow with a tube into his ears; this is a most excellent way of restoring people to life. If the patient has recently hanged himself, it will be sufficient to blow air into his mouth; if he has hung too long, it is in vain to try to revive him. Persons who have been apparently killed by pressure may be revived by pulling the hair and blowing powder into the nose. Drowned persons ought to be placed across the back of a cow or laid over a bench, in order to expel the water. If the accident happens in winter he must be carefully covered with blankets, and rubbed with stimulants. Those who are under the influence of demons, and exhausted with excessive pain, ought to have their nose twisted, their face spit upon, their feet bitten, and their elbows burnt, to awaken them from the stupor.

There are from thirty-six to ninety-nine maladies arising from the influence of evil spirits. The patient becomes reserved, speaks nothing, and though his whole body is affected with the evil, he himself does not know what ails him. The disease increases gradually, and ends in the prostration of all strength, and death. Aromatics and perfumes here do great service. Complaints arising from these causes often resemble consumption; many, not able to find out the symptoms, do not treat the patients in the proper manner; foxes' bones, and others' livers appear to be of some use, but the proper remedy has not yet been discovered.

In no country are people in possession of so many nostrums as in China. Great numbers of physicians and apothecaries traverse the country with their secret treasures, expose them to the view of the multitude, and praise their virtues in eloquent language. Others are not content with one or two specifics; they engage to heal so many diseases in a given time, for each of which they prescribe an antidote.

The panacea of China is the gin-seng, the root of a plant well known to our botanists, which also grows in America, and is from thence exported to Canton. However numerous may be the virtues we have ascribed to the Peruvian bark, they fall far short of

this remedy we can afford to praise per root, we possess a worthy to the C and horns the liver of fishes, the mater horns, the &c., are weakness body, and to inspire

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this remedy against all diseases. Though we can attach little belief to the extravagant praises pronounced upon this miraculous root, we must nevertheless admit, that it possesses some good qualities, and that it is worthy to be tried by our physicians.

The Chinese very much value the bones and horns of certain animals; they preserve the liver of various quadrupeds, use the fins of fishes, and even receive the reptiles into the materia medica. Harts and rhinoceros' horns, the bones of the tiger and elephant, &c., are very excellent remedies in extreme weakness, they strengthen and fatten the body, and a dose of tigers' bones is even said to inspire courage.

Opium is used as an anodyne, and also applied in dysentery. Its introduction into this country, the cause of so much woe and misery, is owing to the recommendation of physicians. Few who use it to excess, escape the dreadful consequences of a body reduced to a skeleton, and a mind stupefied and blunted; persons addicted to its use present the most wretched sight which a human being can possibly exhibit. In the last stages, no remedy on earth can rescue the wretch from the grave towards which he is hastening with gigantic strides. The willing victim of vice, he has scarcely a consciousness of his feeble state, but declines insensibly into an awful eternity. Though instances of this kind are very frequent, they strike little terror into the beholder; other wretches inhale the deleterious drug, and find a speedy grave: and a still more numerous band presses forward with equal eagerness to render themselves as unhappy as their predecessors. Every body abhors the use of this poisonous drug; the government prohibits its importation under severe penalties, but it is nevertheless extensively consumed, and the guardians of the law not only connive at its introduction, but often partake of the fumes themselves. The severe prohibitions have raised a desire of enjoying an illicit pleasure, which few can resist, if they have means of gratifying it.\*

The remedies found in the animal kingdom may be used with very great effect. An elephant's eye burnt to a powder, and mixed with human milk, is a sovereign remedy against the inflammation of the eyes; his bones pulverized, and given in liquor, promote digestion, and relieve all the defects of a disordered stomach; the ivory prepared in like manner, is a capital remedy against the diabetes, and the teeth of his mouth against the epilepsy.—(*Abridged from the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. VII.*)

\* It appears, from recent accounts, that the Chinese government are deliberating on abolishing the infelicitous prohibition of opium, and on substituting a regular duty upon its admission.—E.D.

## The Public Journals.

### THE HOUSEHOLD WRECK.

[Such is the title of the opening paper of *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present year. It is written in that *startling*, vivid style, for which Christopher North has long been ranked high above his contemporaries; and which merit we have taken frequent occasion to admire in this Miscellany. The story is slight—that of a sensitive husband, who is agonized almost unto death by his beautiful wife being accused of shoplifting. The tale extends to some 40 pages, so that we can only quote a scene, and it shall be that in which the lovely yet afflicted wife effects her escape from prison; one attempt having already been made to bribe the jailor.]

Two days we mourned over this failure, and scarcely knew which way to turn for another ray of hope;—on the third morning we received intelligence that this very jailor had been attacked by the fever, which, after long desolating the city, had at length made its way into the prison. In a very few days the jailor was lying without hope of recovery: and of necessity another person was appointed to fill his station for the present. This person I had seen, and I liked him less by much than the one he succeeded: he had an Italian appearance, and he wore an air of Italian subtlety and dissimulation. I was surprised to find, on proposing the same service to him, and on the same terms, that he made no objection whatever, but closed instantly with my offers. In prudence, however, I had made this change in the articles: a sum equal to two hundred English guineas, or one-sixth part of the whole money, he was to receive beforehand as a retaining fee; but the remainder was to be paid only to himself, or to anybody of his appointing, at the very moment of our finding the prison gates thrown open to us. He spoke fairly enough, and seemed to meditate no treachery; nor was there any obvious or known interest to serve by treachery; and yet I doubted him grievously.

The night came: it was chosen as a gala night, one of two nights throughout the year in which the prisoners were allowed to celebrate a great national event: and in those days of relaxed prison management, the utmost license was allowed to the rejoicing. This indulgence was extended to prisoners of all classes, though, of course, under more restrictions with regard to the criminal class. Ten o'clock came—the hour at which we had been instructed to hold ourselves in readiness. We had been long prepared. Agnes had been dressed by Hannah (the servant), in such a costume externally (a man's hat and cloak, &c.) that, from her height, she might easily have passed amongst

a mob of masquerading figures in the debtors' halls and galleries for a young stripling. Pierpoint, my friend, and myself were also to a certain degree disguised; so far at least, that we should not have been recognised at any hurried glance by those of the prison officers who had become acquainted with our persons. We were all more or less disguised about the face; and in that age when masks were commonly used at all hours by people of a certain rank, there would have been nothing suspicious in any possible costume of the kind in a night like this, if we could succeed in passing for friends of debtors.

I am impatient of these details, and I hasten over the ground. One entire hour passed away, and no jailor appeared. We began to despond heavily; and Agnes, poor thing! was now the most agitated of us all. At length eleven o'clock struck in the harsh tones of the prison-clock. A few minutes after, we heard the sound of bolts drawing, and bars unfastening. The jailor entered—drunk, and much disposed to be insolent. I thought it advisable to give him another bribe, and he resumed the fawning insinuation of his manner. He now directed us, by passages which he pointed out, to gain the other side of the prison. There we were to mix with the debtors and their mob of friends, and to await his joining us, which in that crowd he could do without much suspicion. He wished us to traverse the passages separately; but this was impossible, for it was necessary that one of us should support Agnes on each side. I previously persuaded her to take a small quantity of brandy, which we rejoiced to see had given her, at this moment of starting, a most seasonable strength and animation. The gloomy passages were more than usually empty, for all the turnkeys were employed in a vigilant custody of the gates, and examination of the parties going out. So the jailor had told us, and the news alarmed us. We came at length to a turning which brought us in sight of a strong iron gate, that divided the two main quarters of the prison. For this we had not been prepared. The man, however, opened the gate without a word spoken, only putting out his hand for a fee; and in my joy, perhaps, I gave him one imprudently large. After passing this gate, the distant uproar of the debtors guided us to the scene of their merriment; and when there, such was the tumult and the vast multitude assembled, that we now hoped in good earnest to accomplish our purpose without accident. Just at this moment the jailor appeared in the distance; he seemed looking towards us, and at length one of our party could distinguish that he was beckoning to us. We went forward, and found him in some agitation, real or counterfeit. He muttered a

word or two quite unintelligible about the man at the wicket, told us we must wait awhile, and he would then see what could be done for us. We were beginning to demur, and to express the suspicions which now too seriously arose, when he, seeing, or affecting to see some object of alarm, pushed us with a hurried movement into a cell opening upon the part of the gallery at which we were now standing. Not knowing whether we really might not be retreating from some danger, we could do no otherwise than comply with his signals; but we were troubled at finding ourselves immediately locked in from the outside, and thus apparently all our motions had only sufficed to exchange one prison for another.

We were now completely in the dark, and found, by a hard breathing from one corner of the little dormitory, that it was not unoccupied. Having taken care to provide ourselves separately with means for striking a light, we soon had more than one torch burning. The brilliant light falling upon the eyes of a man who lay stretched on the iron bedstead, woke him. It proved to be my friend the under-jailor, Ratcliffe, but no longer holding any office in the prison. He sprang up, and a rapid explanation took place. He had become a prisoner for debt; and on this evening, after having caroused through the day with some friends from the country, had retired at an early hour to sleep away his intoxication. I on my part thought it prudent to entrust him unreservedly with our situation and purposes, not omitting our gloomy suspicions. Ratcliffe looked with a pity that won my love, upon the poor wasted Agnes. He had seen her on her first entrance into the prison, had spoken to her, and therefore knew from what she had fallen, to what. Even then he had felt for her; how much more at this time, when he beheld, by the fierce light of the torches, her wo-worn features!

"Who was it," he asked eagerly, "you made the bargain with? Manasseh?"

"The same."

"Then I can tell you this—not a greater villain walks the earth. He is a Jew from Portugal; he has betrayed many a man, and will many another, unless he gets his own neck stretched, which might happen if I told all I know."

"But what was it probable that this man meditated? Or how could it profit him to betray us?"

"That's more than I can tell. He wants to get your money, and that he doesn't know how to bring about without doing his part. But that's what he never *will* do, take my word for it. That would cut him out of all chance for the head-jailor's place." He mused a little, and then told us that he could himself put us outside the prison-walls, and *would* do it without fee or reward. "But we must

be quiet, me. I'll was out he should he'll be moved an was an ir similar fir that, by e we passed Then he lo reconnoit so pitiable stood on t we placed as upon a graves, a conspicuo friends to subscrip who had of a father died in ca memorial this mom point and mined nu were free hopeless. and *that*, did not le fore that, at least the beset lamity. purpose, supporte basis and pew. O as she l peared a white m dren, tw same tim had neve captivity years wi for debt. able, bei represent ceive th of the "Suffer forbid th of God" they av would which y Ratcliffe was righ of all t chapel, were, ir prison, should we any

be quiet, or that devil will bethink him of me. I'll wager something he thought that I was out merry-making like the rest; and if he should chance to light upon the truth, he'll be back in no time." Ratcliffe, then removed an old fire-grate, at the back of which was an iron plate, that swung round into a similar fire-place in the contiguous cell. From that, by a removal of a few slight obstacles, we passed, by a long avenue, into the chapel. Then he left us, whilst we went out all alone to reconnoitre his ground. Agnes was now in so pitiable a condition of weakness, as we stood on the very brink of our final effort, that we placed her in a pew, where she could rest as upon a sofa. Previously we had stood upon graves, and with monuments more or less conspicuous all around us: some raised by friends to the memory of friends—some by subscriptions in the prison—some by children, who had risen into prosperity, to the memory of a father, brother, or other relative, who had died in captivity. I was grieved that these sad memorials should meet the eye of my wife at this moment of awe and terrific anxiety. Pierpoint and I were well armed, and all of us determined not to suffer a recapture, now that we were free of the crowds that made resistance hopeless. This Agnes easily perceived; and that, by suggesting a bloody arbitration, did not lessen her agitation. I hoped therefore that, by placing her in the pew, I might at least liberate her for the moment from the besetting memorials of sorrow and calamity. But, as if in the very teeth of my purpose, one of the large columns which supported the roof of the chapel had its basis and lower part of the shaft in this very pew. On the side of it, and just facing her as she lay reclining on the cushions, appeared a mural tablet, with a bas-relief in white marble, to the memory of two children, twins, who had lived and died at the same time, and in this prison—children who had never breathed another air than that of captivity, their parents having passed many years within these walls, under confinement for debt. The sculptures were not remarkable, being a trite, but not the less affecting, representation of angels descending to receive the infants; but the hallowed words of the inscription, distinct and legible, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God"—met her eye, and by the thoughts they awakened, made me fear that she would become unequal to the exertions which yet awaited her. At this moment Ratcliffe returned, and informed us that all was right; and that, from the ruinous state of all the buildings which surrounded the chapel, no difficulty remained for us, who were, in fact, beyond the strong part of the prison, excepting at a single door, which we should be obliged to break down. But had we any means arranged for pursuing our

sight, and turning this escape to account when out of confinement? All that, I assured him, was provided for long ago. We proceeded, and soon reached the door. We had one crow-bar amongst us, but beyond that had no better weapons than the loose stones found about some new-made graves in the chapel. Ratcliffe and Pierpoint, both powerful men, applied themselves by turns to the door, whilst Hannah and I supported Agnes. The door did not yield, being of enormous strength; but the wall did, and a large mass of stone-work fell outwards, twisting the door aside; so that, by afterwards working with our hands, we removed stones many enough to admit of our egress. Unfortunately this aperture was high above the ground, and it was necessary to climb over a huge heap of loose rubbish in order to profit by it. My brother-in-law passed first, in order to receive my wife, quite helpless at surmounting the obstacle by her own efforts, out of my arms. He had gone through the opening, and, turning round so as to face me, he naturally could see something that I did not see. "Look behind!" he called out rapidly. I did so, and saw the murderous villain Manasseh with his arm uplifted and in the act of cutting at my wife, nearly insensible as she was, with a cutlass. The blow was not for me, but for her, as the fugitive prisoner; and the law would have borne him out in the act. I saw, I comprehended the whole. I grouped, as far as I could without letting my wife drop, for my pistols; but all that I could do would have been unavailing, and too late—she would have been murdered in my arms. But—and that was what none of us saw—neither I, nor Pierpoint, nor the hound Manasseh—one person stood back in the shade; one person had seen, but had not uttered a word on seeing Manasseh advancing through the shades; one person only had forecast the exact succession of all that was coming; me she saw embarrassed and my hands preoccupied—Pierpoint and Ratcliffe useless by position—and the gleam of the dog's eye directed her to his aim. The crow-bar was leaning against the shattered wall. This she had silently seized. One blow knocked up the sword; a second laid the villain prostrate. At this moment appeared another of the turnkeys advancing from the rear, for the noise of our assault upon the door had drawn attention in the interior of the prison, from which, however, no great number of assistants could on this dangerous night venture to absent themselves. What followed for the next few minutes hurried onwards, incident crowding upon incident, like the motions of a dream: Manasseh, lying on the ground, yelled out, "The bell! the bell!" to him who followed. The man understood, and made for the belfry-door attached to the chapel; upon

which Pierpoint drew a pistol, and sent the bullet whizzing past his ear so truly, that fear made the man obedient to the counter-orders of Pierpoint for the moment. He paused and awaited the issue.—In a moment had all cleared the wall, traversed the waste ground beyond it, lifted Agnes over the low railing, shaken hands with our benefactor Ratcliffe, and pushed onwards as rapidly as we were able to the little dark lane, a quarter of a mile distant, where had stood waiting for the last two hours a chaise-and-four.

### The Gatherer.

*Stanfield's Diorama, at Covent Garden Theatre.*—Whether it is that we have so long missed Stanfield from the scene, or that he has matured his skill, we know not; but certainly the present appears to be superior to any of his former productions of the kind. It is a series of views in different parts of the continent: forming one continuous succession of moving scenery, and approaching as near to illusion as we can conceive painting capable of. In executive power, the pictures rival those of his namesake in the Regent's Park; and, were each view exhibited separately, would be equal to it. Nothing, indeed, is gained by its continuity; whilst the effect of each view is marred by the difficulty of adapting the variations of light, and of managing the junction of the scenes. It opens with a glimpse across the Gulf of Venice, through an archway, showing a white city at the edge of the blue waters. To it succeeds a lovely view of Lecco, in the Milanese; the rocky mountain towering in the distance in a roseate atmosphere of sunlight. Then comes a change to snow and moonlight, in a view of the summit of the Col de Bonhomme, Piedmont: the white waste of snow and the cold shadows of the rocky pinnacles, are palpable reality—the moon appears actually to shed light over the scene. In the following view, Huy on the Meuse, there is a most ingenious representation of a troop of soldiers crossing a bridge, in which the figures not only move, but appear larger as they approach. A delicious, fresh, marine view in the British Channel, with a line-of-battle ship as large as the reality, veering round in the front, completes this triumph of the scenic art. We have not indicated all the intermediate points, nor a tithe of the beauties of the painting: suffice it to say, that for solidity of the near objects and the atmospheric effect of the distance—for brilliancy of colour, united with local truth—this succession of pictures may vie with the finest productions of the easel.—*Spectator.*

*A Young Author, (a truth).—He was*

ashamed of being paid,—a false shame, and yet how natural to one both proud and sensitive!—L. E. L.

*Sir Richard Phillips's Million of Facts* has been translated, with local variations, into Arabic, and printed at the Pacha's printing-office in Cairo, under the Oriental title of *A World of Truths; or, the Wisdom of the West*. It is the first instance of a modern European work being printed in Arabic, by authority.

*Revilers of Shakspeare.*—The authors of the greater and purer part of the happiness which we enjoy, the masters who instruct, and soothe, and enlighten—we owe to these great and benevolent spirits a filial veneration; there is no need to mention to whom *you* above all, or to say that it is to Shakspeare's memory our chiefest affection is due. An Englishman who denies it, or questions it, or sneers at it, must be a bad man as well as a fool; if he cannot see any cause for this love, it is only because he is too dull to comprehend it, and he should take it for granted as the faith of his fathers before him. If he be madman enough to proclaim his heresy, and to howl his miserable blasphemy in the public streets, we have but to treat him like any other criminal, and silence him as best we may.—*Times.*

*Royal Parks and Gardens.*—The following Parliamentary Return shows the expenses of the several Royal Parks and Gardens under the management of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods, &c., including the salaries of the Rangers.

	£	s.	d.
St. James's, the Green, and Hyde Parks	9,481	17	5
Kensington Gardens	1,552	14	10
Regent's Park	3,956	6	1
Richmond Park	4,639	9	1
Hampton Court and Bushy Parks	1,385	2	6
Greenwich Park	490	16	6
Hampton Court Gardens	597	4	2
Windsor Parks	10,214	9	2
Kew Gardens	593	13	9
	32,402	0	0

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